



THURSDAY, AUGUST 8, 1918

A Young-Manless World No Longer to N. Y. Girls; Canteen Work the Answer

Of Course Seeking the Society of Eligible Youths Isn't Why the Girls Are Devoting Their Time to Feeding and Entertaining Sailors on Leave in the City, but Nevertheless the Fact Remains That Sundays Are No Longer Callers' and Front Porches No Longer Vacant and Still.

By Will B. Johnstone.

THE gravest condition imposed by the war that confronts the young girls of the community and environs is the total absence of young men. That is the piazza decorators, one-steppers and future lovers, honorers and obeyers of the class of sweet nineteen.

Porch benches have become cobwebbed and the dance records covered with dust. The only consolation in the manless desert being censored letters describing the charms of French dancings. Our girls have been out of luck, but with typical feminine ingenuity they are solving the problem. Impelled by noble patriotism the lonesome Lydias, who never before did harder labor than add a bridge score incorrectly, are doing war work. And duty is doubly sweet when the war work brings them into well-chaperoned society with the handsomest, huskiest young heroes that ever wore uniforms. The time is every day, the place is the canteen and the girl is right on the job. She loves her work. "Red Cross and knitting are tame after having some well-meaning Adonis try to tip you for your zealous efficiency," remarked one fair enthusiast.

Up on Fifth Avenue just above 42d Street is the Navy Club Canteen, for instance. Any non-commissioned sailor, or "rob," as they call themselves, who sees the Navy Club banner out in front can take the elevator up to the fifth floor and enjoy the hospitality of a charming group of canteenettes. Sailors of our allies do not have to pay a cent for anything they get and our boys merely pay the nominal sum of five cents for each portion the girls serve them of ice cream, soft drinks, pie, cake, salad, sandwiches, soup, vegetables, meats, &c. given in the order of popularity. Cigarettes free with piano, pool, billiards, reading and writing room thrown in.

Mrs. H. H. Hamilton, or Hattie Hattie Hamilton as the English "Limey" calls it, conceived the idea a year ago and the Misses Liss, Mrs. Lynch and a beautiful and able cast of girls from the city and suburbs assist as waitresses.

The beaux-less belles dispel all ennui here by doing hard, noble work for boys in from transports, camps and technical schools; clean-cut, courteous, gentlemanly youths from all the States, and of the type one is not surprised that America produced. What wonderful, bronzed, healthy, carefree youngsters, manly and polite.

Only one instance of rudeness is on record for the past year, and that of a boy a little under the weather, who, "the morning after" gathering from emphatic rebukes of his comrades what he had done, got immediate leave, and with comience-stricken

haste rushed back to the canteen to apologize.

The sailors love the place. One boy, who "went down" on the San Diego, couldn't divorce himself from the canteen's menu and was loath to report as "safe" for a little while, remarked between ice creams, "I'm still missing."

It is like home for the boys to see womenfolk around and they unburden their histories and experiences to the sympathetic girls and chaperons. It's all fine, frank and refreshing. They talk of "back home," of mothers (who ought to see how well they've raised their sons), of sisters and girls. Then the tender hearted canteenettes are moved by a great inspiration. "Can't you come out to East Orange for Sunday dinner and tea?" suggests Elizabeth, Dorothy, Jean, Helen and Adelaide in one breath. And Louis, Henry, Jim, Arthur, Ted, John and Fred accept in half a breath, and directions are written down.

The following Sunday life takes on a more natural aspect for the lonesome Lydias, and fathers chuckle, while married brothers see the twinkle return to sister's eye. The cobweb on the swing disappears, also the dust on the dance records and wholesome gaiety rocks the house. Heckles goes for the time, the old stall of "We have to get back for guard duty" (in case they are asked to church) is forgotten. "I'm so late now it doesn't matter," laughs Louis, who is on the verge of a commission away up at Pelham. And so it goes. Leave it to the Janes, the porches are getting full up again. The canteen is the social girls, and it's patriotic anyway you look at it.

Paradise and Hades Up to Date Pictured in Ghetto Lithograph

New Jerusalem With Macadamized Pavements, Electric Lights and Trolley Cars Bears Strong Resemblance to Hoboken, While the "Other Place," at "H" which Souls Arrive in Automobiles, Looks a Lot Like Pittsburgh.

By W. G. Bowdoin

THE other day an art critic was solacing himself from the stress of his profession by taking in the Ghetto. New York contains perhaps no greater contrast than "Picture Row" on Fifth Avenue and the congested section of the east side, about which the late Zoe Anderson Norris used to write with so much understanding.

While strolling down Orchard Street and daintily picking his way through the crowds that were shopping at the pushcart there, his attention was suddenly arrested by an allegorical lithograph displayed on one of the carts as aforesaid.

In the upper right hand corner was a very graphic and truthful representation of heaven. The place looked more like Hoboken, however, than the critic had hitherto supposed, and the Lombardy Poplars introduced lacked the local color that he had preconceived.

The streets of the heavenly city as shown were broad, and their macadamization had been accomplished in good shape, in spite of the fact that the residents do not seem to use them much, as the wings with which they are provided make it easier and far more comfortable to float through the air from point to point. Thus a trolley car on the main thoroughfare looks out of place and lonesome, although it strengthens and fortifies the resemblance to Hoboken. The Court House and City Hall of New Jerusalem, as lined by the artist on the stone, would be a credit to any city, and the electric light system is characterized by modernity.

Over the Celestial city floats a massy cloud, after Zoroaster, lit up with golden splendor. The angels shown in the lithograph were unconventional and a tendency

toward over-readiness had been developed in their faces. Their feet were heroic, at least in size. There was also a tang of masculinity in their make-up which might have ultimately led to their destruction in a Giltson Borglum.

Some of the angels were represented in the act of receiving a new soul. The lithograph at least suggests that this is a felicitous since the angelic host, coming out to meet an immortal soul and meanwhile playing the big horn and base drum, would indeed be a violation of good taste not to be tolerated even in Hoboken.

In the lower right hand corner hell is situated. It is south of heaven, as distance of the city limits. The artist in depicting the inferno, has given a pretty fair representation of Pittsburgh, and the steel works there.

Two plumes are shown in the background, travelling toward heaven on horseback and further on is an excursion party in a big touring car, drawn by a pair of purple-hued steeds, and a purple-hued umbrella while travelling to Zion, and to array an old lady who tips the beam at 225 in a seakissed and a paragon done in horizon blue as she journeys to perdition.



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Roses of Romance Bloom Where Red Cross Nurses Tread the Abyss of War

Their Smiles Send Soldiers to the Front With Lighter Hearts, and Their Beauty, That of Heart and Soul, Wins Love of Even Case-Hardened Hearts, as Told in Capt. Arthur Hunt Chute's Book, "The Real Front."

By Marguerite Mooers Marshall.

THE beauty and romance of the Red Cross nurse still persist through the grim realism and horror of the worst and greatest of all wars. And it is delightful to turn, for a bit, from the tales of bloody achievement with which the war books are filled and read of what the war nurse means in light and loveliness on the field of battle. She has received no tribute more charming than that paid to her by Arthur Hunt Chute in his dramatic and unusually well written book of the war, which he has called "The Real Front."

Capt. Chute is a Nova Scotian who went over as a private with that immortal group of Homeric heroes, the 1st Canadians. He served for two years on the western front, and was so seriously wounded leading his men at the Battle of the Somme that he was discharged. Recently he has been engaged in valuable war propaganda in this country, and he writes with fine appreciation, in "The Real Front," of the part American men and American methods will play in winning the war.

But the most delightful chapter—the chapter for everybody with a girl "over there"—is about the Red Cross nurse. This is how Capt. Chute writes of her:

"Through the gloom-haunted streets of a shattered town on the fringes of the zone of fire there passes a Red Cross nurse. Despite the stiffness of her regulation cap, there bursts from beneath rebellious waves of auburn hair under which her blue eyes sparkle, while her face is dimpled with a smile at once arresting and bewitching."

"Private Murphy of the Inniskillen Fusiliers regards her approach with rhapsody, and as she passes collapses into the arms of his mate, Gilhooley, exclaiming, 'May the Howly Virgin bless us, but the angels have come to the Somme!'"

"No wonder that Private Murphy loses himself in rhapsodies. The whole long street goes with him. The armor corporal at the door of his billet, looking up from his work with a snarl and knitted brow, suddenly has his face reflecting brightness. He has seen her and that is enough. The pompous regimental Sergeant Major, the earnest and earnest shadowed forth on his features without warning seems to drop into his second childhood as he halts a curse in mid-career and whispers, 'The dear little thing!'"

"Ever since the days of Florence Nightingale the Red Cross nurse has been quietly but steadily winning her way into the theatre of war," continues Capt. Chute. "Lord Kitchener was one of those who at first believed in male nurses. But later experience completely changed his views, and he became an out-and-out believer in sisters being attached even to clearing stations well up toward the firing line."

"At one of his artillery observation points Capt. Chute tucked up a newspaper clipping showing a group of American girls acting as nurses in Texas. 'Any one of these girls,' he declares, 'would have been awarded a prize at a beauty show.' And 'Oh, to be a wounded hero in Texas!' was the ecstatic sigh of every visiting officer. 'But in a deeper sense one sees real beauty in every nurse of the Red Cross. The first impression may not be striking, but for the wounded soldier the passage of time always serves to unfold new charm and sweetness in his nurse's face. 'I never had a nurse yet that I didn't think was lovely after with the second day,' declared a brother officer of mine."

"And the story of one of the many hospital romances that end in war weddings is happily told by Capt. Chute, who was an eyewitness of it. 'A rough, big-hearted Australian, who was in the next bed to me in a base hospital, confided in me the evening of his last night coming under the ministrations of the nursing sisters. 'You see, mate, I'm what they call a laughing about'."

"Look in the mirror for the answer," was my reply. 'There he stood in a dressing gown, his nose all criss-crossed with sticking plaster. 'I do look funny, don't I?' he said, as he stared himself. 'Give me a sketch of yourself,' I said. 'Sure!' he answered, and taking a pen and an inkstand from the table he faced the mirror. In a few minutes he handed me the sketch. 'Now for your autograph,' said I. He paused a second or two and then said, 'What does that word 'bumped' you used in your criticism to-day just exactly mean?'"

He pronounced it "bumped." When I had explained, he asked, 'How long ago was it that I had that fallen?'"

Then, laughing heartily, he wrote across the sketch: 'Enrico Caruso, eleven hours after he bumped his nose at the Metropolitan.'"

Of Caruso's art of mimicry here is an instance: I was about to enter Mr. Guard's office at the Metropolitan one morning when I was halted and asked to wait.

"Who is that talking?" Mr. Guard said. 'Why, Scott, of course,' I replied. 'I was wrong. It was Caruso, who in voice, intonation and accent was faithfully imitating the popular baritone. I told him. Then, laughing heartily, he wrote across the sketch: 'Enrico Caruso, eleven hours after he bumped his nose at the Metropolitan.'"

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Canteen Work Is Not Without Reward

THE GIRLS ARE GIVING THEIR TIME AND LABOR OUT OF PURE PATRIOTISM, BUT THEY HAVE, HAPPILY, FOUND COMPENSATION BEYOND MERE KNOWLEDGE OF SERVICE WELL RENDERED.



OUR MOTTO:
"E Pluribus Strappus"
or,
"United We Stand"

LATER EXTRA

Subway Sun

THE WEATHER:
GUMMY, SOUPY AND
JAMMY.

Edited by ARTHUR (BUGS) BAER

SPEND YOUR VACATION IN THE STRAPBOROUGH
As a summer resort the old Strapborough has the Thousand Islands cheated to a whisper. We have everything but mosquitoes, poison ivy, caterpillars and snake bites.

In addition, we transfer to all the best hospitals and notify your relatives, all for one price of admission.

PRIZES AWARDED

Owing to the difficulty in untangling the contestants, we have been slower than a Harlem local in tossing out the prizes for the big jam in the "H" last week.

Now, however, we have all the ears and elbows sorted out and tagged.

Joe Bushflat gets the brass ring entitling him to attend all the subway riot-coillions and Strapborough panic dances. Joe kicked 2,345,980 fellow strappongers for a goal, busted 6,789 shins and cracked 1,600,000 elbows. Joe is entitled to the old brass ringlet.

Gus Bronnix is staked to the pewter medalion for assisting over 345,000 women and children to faint. Gus wiggles a mean elbow in a panic.

The nickel plated strap goes to Axel Harlumm, who flattened three tons of tender corns, gouged out 45,000,000 vest buttons and captured 597 yards of collar buttons.

It was one of the most successful jams ever published, and we wish to thank these gentlemen for their earnest efforts. Although armed with but two elbows each, they accomplished work that an octopus might be proud of.

It is men like these men who assist the Strapborough to uphold its time honored and noble policy of not being responsible for hats and overcoats.

When it comes to agony, discomfort and suffering, our motto is women and children first.

BLOCK PARTIES

The block parties which the Strapborough has been sponsoring have been very successful. The object of the block parties is to provide patients for the Red Cross. Without patients, the Red Cross would be powerless to carry on its great work.

Last week block parties were staged in the Brooklyn tubes under the Hudson, in the Bronx subs and along the route to Harlem. The rioting was wonderful. A fine block party was held in the "H."

They are very impromptu and are always held between stations. Kick in with a jitney and attend one of our block parties.

EDITORIAL

The time has arrived when the Strapborough must jolt up the price of tuition.

We used to learn you a lot for a jitney. But we can wise you up more for 6 cents. The price of everything has gone up, including straps, jolts and riots.

We are extremely solicitous as to the welfare of our clients.

All the prominent doctors of the world agree that sitting down is the most unhealthy posture that mankind can assume. It causes a rush of blood to the shooelaces and is apt to break 'em. And shooelaces are very costly these days. Therefore, we go to great expense to provide our clientele with adequate standing facilities.

And we all realize the number of accidents caused by careless tourists sticking their mitts in cigar cutters and electric fans. We add to our patrons' comfort by eliminating all the cigar cutters from our expresses and locals.

By permanently stopping our electric fans we abolish the chance of fingers being caught in the whizzing blades.

There ain't a chance of losing a finger in one of our electric fans.

Drying Shoes With Heat From Electric Globe.

A WET shoe is one of the most difficult things to dry, and if the leather is to be thoroughly dried the heat must be applied from the inside. A golfer designed this device for drying his golf shoes and it is useful for any shoes that are worn in all kinds of weather.

Place two electric wall fixtures so that the electric globe's heat is in upright position and hook a shoe over each. Then turn on the current. An eight-candlepower lamp will give sufficient heat to dry out the leather without

burning it. The light fixture should be well supported to carry its weight and the weight of the shoe.—Popular Science Monthly.

POTATOES NOW USED AS "FILLERS" FOR BONBONS

IF some one offered you a box of chocolate bonbons which were so delicious that you apologized for the number you ate, and then some one told you that the chief ingredient of their interior was p-o-t-a-t-o-e-s, wouldn't it surprise you? Food Administrator Peden of Texas, who had this experience, was more than surprised. The filling of the bonbons was suggestive of coconut and very delicate to the taste. Potato candy is a logical follow-up to tapioca-flour bread, white steak, mesquite syrup and other interesting food revelations brought about as a result of the war.

Youngest N. Y. Officer Now in France

THIS is Second Lieut. Calvin W. Greene, aged twenty years, of the United States Aviation Corps. He is said to be the youngest New York officer sent to France, where he now is on active service. Lieut. Greene made his home at No. 400 West 140th Street until he enlisted, and his mother now lives at that address. Until September of last year he was a student in Stuyvesant High School, where he won high honors in athletics. What this training was worth to him may be judged by the fact that he passed the army physical tests with the excellent rating of 99 per cent. That is a mark reached by very few men indeed.

Lieut. Greene showed unusual aptitude for aerial work, and it was only a short time after entering the service that he qualified for active duty. He went to France several weeks ago, and his friends predict that he soon will be numbered among America's aces.

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